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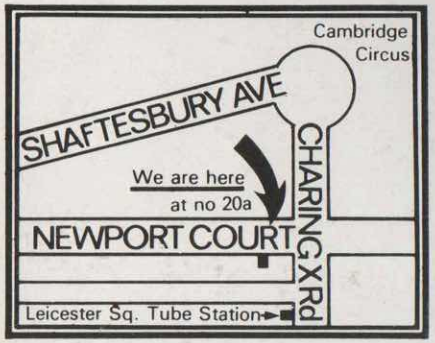

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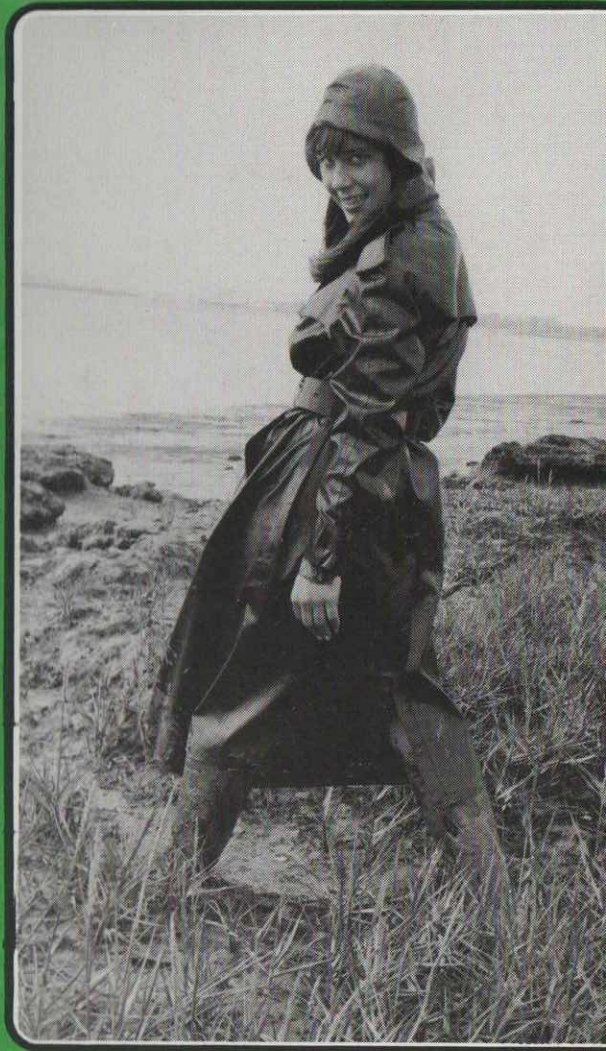

For those appreciative of the Sensual properties of Rubber

For Those Who Seek Sensuousness In Rubber

SMOOTH

Is Your Magazine.

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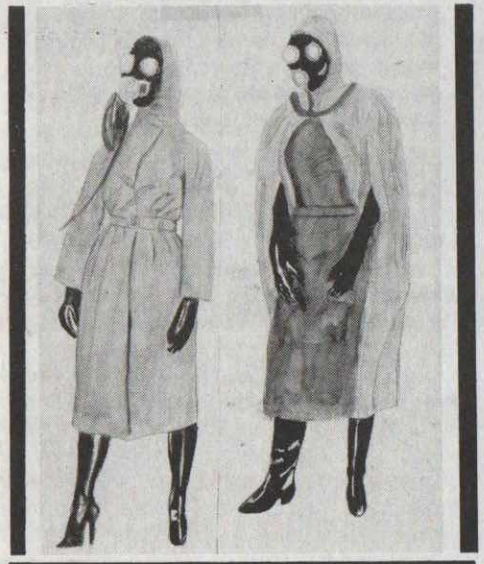

Contents

The Rubber People.....4
Rubber Reflections cont. 1
Russell Describes.....1
Polythene Paradise.....2
Her First Experience.....2
Julie is Hardly.....2
In Search of Rubber.....2
Classified 3
Rubber Masturbation Spanking.....3

It is our editorial policy to make SMOOTH a truly and genuine reader orientated publication, to do this we need your co-operation. We want you, and you, and yes, you too, to participate through the medium of letters, photos and drawings. SMOOTH wants to hear from you, we want to publish your views, your experiences and to help all those interested in the 'rubber-scene' to exchange opinions, and by doing so to derive more satisfaction and enjoyment out of life through the involvement with RUBBER.

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The Rubber People

She comes busy-busy into this amorphous residential hotel in the town, happily plump and doing the Earth Mother bit. She talks, apparently freely, about herself, while I try to feel what it is like to adore the sight, sound, smell, touch and taste of rubber. I understand how her pattern when young, influenced her and why she retains this pattern. Yet when I say, "What would be your reaction were I to suggest that I came back to your place and did what you do to experience this feeling directly?", she looks uncertain. Fidgeting a little, she says, "I couldn't let you." "Why not?" I ask. "Well, because we've talked." "So what?" "Well, you know me too well now." She is a rubber fetishist, I *think*. At any rate, she certainly likes it very much. I daren't give you any other details, because if female rubber fetishists were feathered birds they'd be under a Protection Order from the Wildlife Trust, and anyone who did know the girl would say ah-ha, I know *her*.

So let's turn to a man. He is not necessarily typical. He can only be described as oblique. He says something and nearly always means something very slightly different, which makes interviewing difficult. He laughs and looks to see if you are laughing. If not, his laughter dies quickly. Yet when he speaks of his love, he changes, seeming suddenly ardent, confident. But his love is not a woman, but a garment rendered out of date by fifteen or twenty years, of a certain fabric . . .

And when I ask, *"Would you let me experience what you experience?"* he looks at me as any other man would look if I were to suggest that I made love to his wife.

Tatty Equipment

Perhaps in this case his reticence was because his 'equipment' was, he said, rather tatty. Another man, although married, had a virtual palace of the material. He must have spent hundreds of pounds on furnishings and costumes. I am pretty sure that his wife accepted his liking in the same way that another woman accepts her husband's spending a fortune on stereo equipment. Whether as a result of this acceptance or not, I would also report that here was a giant of a man, brilliantly successful in a testing and responsible job in which he literally held in the palm of his hand the lives of many people; he was an easy, intelligent conversationalist who only curiously enough, fell silent when speaking of his addiction, saying, "I cannot talk about it unless you are a fetishist also, for it is incomprehensible to those that are not rubber lovers and needs no expression to those that are."

Yet another man to whom I spoke in an endeavour to get a communicable statement was something of a wordsmith, a man who made words fight for the right to communicate. He said that he would write for me a piece which would say something. When the piece arrived, part of it said:

'You realise, of course, that many who love rubber wish to be completely enclosed in it, to feel it close to every fibre of their being, to feel it weighing them down, oppressing them, reducing them to a state wherein they have no existence except for the purpose of sensing rubber.' (*Note: in fact, not every rubber-lover feels this so deeply, or at any rate do not admit it: some merely want to see pretty girls dressed in it — C.M.*) *'My kit consists of long rubber boots, an ankle-length hobble skirt, a woman's hooded mackintosh, a head bag and a long, narrow sack whose open side can be closed with a zip-fastener from the inside. There are breathing vents in the head bag and the sack, but when I'm enclosed, I like to pretend that these don't exist. The fact that I wear a skirt and a woman's mackintosh is not, as far as I can judge, anything to do with transvestism. The skirt is to restrict movement, but I don't know why it must be a woman's mackintosh. I once tried a man's mack and it had an entirely different and quite revolting effect.'*

I suggested that I see his technique in action. As in other cases, he refused, in spite of the fact that he knew that I was aware, through previous contacts, of the activities of his type of fetishist. 'One can never believe that to an outsider one is anything more than a freak,' he said in another letter. 'Even to the fellow-addicts that I have met I betray shyness about my addiction. On one occasion I met another fetishist with a view to sharing our activities. He arrived with a case of kit, but did not open it. We talked for a while about everything else but our common like, somehow avoiding each other's eyes. At last I said, "There is a room for you: I'll use this one. Let us prepare, then meet downstairs." When we did this, once we were anonymous, faces concealed, we were more at ease. Although not a word was said about it, we both felt a wish to 'discipline' the other, though for my part I didn't know how. This was strange, because I normally feel submissive in rubber.'

A session

I did in fact later meet this man, though a country pub is hardly the best place for an interview. To compensate for this, he had prepared a tape-recording which was an actual description of a 'session' in his beloved mackintoshes, made *whilst he was undergoing it,* a session that was intensely

exciting to him and even stirred me because *sincerity* is *moving* and *sexual sincerity* is *sexually moving.* The recording was interesting because it inadvertently picked up heartbeat and breathing rate: the latter changed from normal to a long, slow, powerful breath which deepened as the oxygen content of his surroundings was reduced, whilst the heartbeat rose for the same reason. At the same time, the partial anoxaemia inhibits the upper cortical levels of the brain, which controls judgement and self-criticism, then this was an example of it actually happening: —

'Then, with the bag zipped up, I roll over to feel the rubber completely enclosing me, encapsulating me, no matter where I move . . . hot airless dark, sparkling with pinpoints of light . . . I feel this . . . this wish not to be able to escape . . . the mackintosh clings so tight . . . I can't . . . breathe . . .'

He could, of course, for the recording go on for another eight minutes before the climax came, words squeezing out just beforehand like drops wrung out of a towel. Seventy-six seconds later he was stripped of every vestige of gear.

'I can't wait to get rid of it afterwards. Of course, I'm sweating like a pig and my body is a strange, oily golden-brown . . . beautiful almost. All the stuff has to be sponged down, and I hate doing that, but if I don't do it, it will perish and cost me a bomb to replace.' He moves about, and one can sense the venom in his voice, directed at the gear. 'It's like a bloody drug, though: it draws you like an aching, luring want, like a murderer returning to the scene of his crime. It sort of leers at me when I open the cupboard door . . . how a man can be a slave to an inaminate object is a mystery to me — until the next time . . .'

And when he left (and, of course, before I heard the tape), he said, "You won't hear from me again, because you'll think I'm crazy and anyway you'll know too much about me." Exactly like the woman had said.

In general, in fact, I have noticed that, whilst there are some notable exceptions, rubber fetishists do seem a little different from their non-addicted compatriots. They seem, for example, more defensive than their leather-loving peers, though it would be dangerous to allow what is believed psychologically to be true about rubber-lovers to influence their actual status. *Marshall McLuhan,* in *'The Medium is the Massage',* has given us ample evidence of people that they tend to be aggressive, and show them examples of people in that group who *are* aggressive, then the whole group will become aggressive. The over-slick persuader will then claim that the whole group is aggressive. In the same way,

psychology may put forward the *idea* (no more) that because rubber is more associated in the 30-50 age group with childhood, to avoid responsibility for a mature sexual life. This may be true: certainly my conversations with leather-lovers revert far more easily to infantile experiences than do conversations with leather-lovers (Note: Theo Bromley, a previous writer in 'Search' magazine, has *not* found this). On the other hand, this may be simply because childhood for that generation contained more rubber items: the rubber ball comes before the leather ball. There was no plastic with which to keep bed or babe dry: rubber was there, and it smells, unlike leather pram-harness: smell-stimulus is a powerful pattern-former.

However, having got the pattern into being, the theorist now extends what would happen if the theory were true and claims it as true for the whole group. Even the expert can fall into this trap. One of the most perceptive analyses of rubber and leather fetishists comes, not from a weighty psychological tone, but in *Clavel Brand's* paperback, easily obtainable in the mildest of sexy bookshops, *'The Kinky Crowd'.* Yet even Mr. Brand in my opinion overlooks his conclusions when he says: —

'The rubber fetishist . . . is not a hero. He is timid, lonely and sensitive. He wants a public acknowledgement of his failure, both sexual and emotional. He wants to be cast in the role of a child', and so on.

Now this can be true, yet it must also be true of a number of non-fetishists, so it gives us no clue as to how to understand or deal with the addiction. One doesn't always need to, yet many fetishists believe that their addiction is, thought pleasant, a nuisance, and they ask me and other counsellors to help them get rid of it.

It is therefore interesting to examine the position of the married or more-or-less permanently-relationed couple who *both* practice rubber fetishism. From the point of view of the outside investigator, of course, these are few in number. There are two reasons for this: firstly, if 4% of males practise it (this is an 'official' estimate of incidence) and 4% of females practise it (actually, as I have said, the female incidence is probably lower), then the incidence of married couples is 4/100 x 4/100 x 100 = 0.16%. Secondly, if our single rubber-lovers are shy of talking about it, married couples are going to be double shy, because both parties have got to give an O.K. to a joint communication. Couple this with a remark from the only one other female 'natural' addict I know, "I'm damned if I'm letting on to *anyone* in a hurry: I'd have half the mackintosh-loving males of Engalnd on my

doorstep in no time!" and it's hardly surprising that so many male addicts are of the opinion that the female of the species doesn't exist.

Yet I have found that even when the girl is not an addict per se but happily participates to please her man — or for any other reason, see later — the man does not fit *Clavel Brand's* description of a shy, timid lonely person, but is nearly always a personality in his own right, is generally happy and is unworried by his sexual pattern. It's the old story: you can be 'bent' by society's presumed standards (did you know it's an indictable offence to indulge in sadism but it is not an indictable offence to indulge in fetishism unless by doing so you disturb the peace?), but if you have no personal situation which *perpetuates* what might otherwise become a neurosis, then all is well with you.

Rid of Addiction

This of course raises the hoary old question abouty whether or not a male married rubber fetishist should or could persuade his wife to involve herself. A number of girls have written to 'Search' or 'Relate' saying that wives who don't and won't should try it. Well, there's no harm in asking, but if you as a male addict get a refusal, don't get mad at your lady. She may have her own troubles: Here's why:-

1. If she herself — frightened even of 'normal' sexuality, she may be even more frightened of something that smacks of a sinister, maybe perverted attitude to sex. No persuasion changes this, because persuasion goes in at the brain level and not at the emotional level.

2. If she is one of the many women for whom love-reception is the over-riding factor, any activity that doesn't display more than a physical activity is repugnant to her.

In contrast to this, I have had precisely the same rationalisations applied to girls who *do* accept their lover's wish to dress in rubber, as follows:-

1. If she is frightened of orthodox sexuality, she may accept with relief something which avoids full sexual commitment.

2. If, to her love-reception is the over-riding factor, she may accept with interest *any* activity which produces passion, and hence love, in her man. See what I mean? You can't generalise — there is always a theory which fits the facts. All one can say (and it doesn't help a bit, really) is that the person whose addiction is not accepted and allowed in practice by the partner is likely to fit *Clavel Brand's* description, whereas if the rubber love is accepted, the description ceases to apply.

Incidentally, it is possible that some women who get involved in a rubber experience hardly remember in later life that it had a sexual connotation. Look at this letter, received privately after the publication of a previous article of mine. Assuming it isn't a fantasy (and I don't think it is, a fantasy for I have talked to the author), I wonder to what extent the girl understood how deep were the desires that the author revealed?

'After re-reading your article 'Meet the Girl behind the Gear', I admit that it is a bit sad when we fetishists love the gear more than the girl who wears it. Many years ago I dated a girl partly because of the long black rubber mackintosh she so often wore when we travelled on the same bus to work. On our first date, we hired a punt on the river, and at one stage were moored in a quiet back-water. Snogging at the bottom of the boat with her mackintosh pulled right over us, heads and all, 'for privacy', I said. "Why do you like us all covered up like this?" she enquired in the hot darkness. "It's all warm and sexy, and actually I like the smell and the sensation of being smothered in it," I replied. "I could lie stifled up in it for hours, and the hotter it is, the better." She just giggled and said, "Funny man," and we went on snogging.

Invited out

However, she hadn't forgotten my words. The following Saturday, I invited her out for a picnic. She said, "Look, I'd love to come, but I've simply got to do some swotting, too. Would you mind if I read for an hour while we sunbathe?" "Not a bit," I replied. "I'll bring a hamper of grub, you bring your raincoat in case it's damp underfoot —"

I'll bring two," she laughed. "Then you're really fixed up."

What's more, she did, in spite of the day being hot. After we'd eaten our picnic in our bathing costumes, she said, "Right, now I really must work. You snooze on my macks till I've finished." Then, after a moment, she looked at me testingly and said, "Listen, did you really mean what you said about wanting to be smothered up in them?"

"Yes, it's true. Crazy, but true."

"Alright, then, let's try it. I'd like to see if you can actually stick it for any length of time."

She took the macks and did up all the buttons. One she pulled up over my legs, fastening it at my thighs with the belts: the other she pulled down over my head and round my body, belting it at the wasit and tucking the skirts into the other belt. She wrapped the sleeves round my face and under my head as a sort of pillow when I lay down. "I'll let you out quick if anyone comes," she said, "Otherwise, you just stay there and stifle." Then for over an hour she kept me prisoner within her macks in the hot sun while she swotted, which was sheer ecstasy for me: our aftermath of kissing and cuddling was great, too.

Last meeting

Our last meeting two weeks later was perhaps sad but probably wise on her part. She carried her mac but made no attempt to wear it. "It's not as if we were real lovers, after all, although it's been fun," she said. "Well, I mean, it's largely because of this" — she indicated the mackintosh — "that you go for me, isn't it?"

I had to admit the truth of her words. The bus was coming, we knew it was goodbye. Suddenly she kissed me and thrust the mac into my hands. "Look," she said, "keep this — in memory of me. Bye-bye."

She got on the bus, waved and was gone. I caught a different bus in the mornings, and only saw her once, fleetingly, ever again. I haven't got the mac now, but it made me happy — and yet sad — for some time afterwards.'

Rubber Reflections

CONTINUED

I've told you about my initiation into the rubber world, but now to tell you more of life since then, of days when rubber captivated me completely within its magical spell and became the prime sexual aid. Not that I would classify myself as deviant, but a pu fetishist, loving rubber to the point idolatory, governing all my delights a enjoyments and providing the ultimate pleasure.

I am like most rubber devotees in that normal sex without rubber is as enjoyable; and like many devotees it is a lonely enjoyment, confined within four walls and the absolute seclusion of a flat or house. To the outside world, as with many rubberists, I am a man who openly does not express his love for the fetish but one who has a perfectly normal approach to all things and is only considered mad (or it used to be some years ago) when others find out his pet likes.

Many girls I have known have liked rubber and many of them have worn rubberised mackintoshes at my request, though I must admit that I was once too shy, in my youth when it mattered, to tell them the reason why I liked them so much. It is a natural state to be shy when confronted with a problem which you are sure that the other person will not understand. But with time and with patience I have found some girls who like rubber as a sexual stimulant as well as a provacative means of enticing the occasional wolf-whistle.

At the end of the Second World War, during which I was a diver in the Royal Navy, I carried on with my rubber love as a means of aleviating the suppressed feelings I had on sex. I didn't get on too well with girls at that time, but it didn't worry me. I had my own love to keep me going.

I became a diver in the Navy because, in the Far East where I was most of the time, diving was that of a frogman, in a wet-suit. In those days they were of rubber and more like the dry suits one buys from Sealwear and such establishments. The Navy taught me how to live naked inside my rubber cocoon

A trouble shared...

We all have worries of course, some large but mostly small niggling ones. To be able to talk over our problems with someone who understands and can sympathise is the first step towards overcoming that worry and progressing towards a more fulfilling happy life. It is possible that on this page you will find an address through which you will be able to talk to a person who really can help you.

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A self-help group giving aid to heterosexual transvestites and gender-motivated trans sexuals. In the first case, these are men who enjoy normal sexual relations with women, but who occasionally desire to dress and act as women; an act which gives them emotional relief and contentment and sometimes sexual satisfaction or stimulation. In the second case, gender-motivated transsexuals have the desire to become real and natural members of the opposite sex and to be accepted as such. In neither case are homosexual relationships involved. The Society gives advice, organises social meetings and has its own newsletter. Write in the first instance to: BM Box 3084, London WC1V 6XX.

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The Mackintosh Society

Mr Paul Hoad, 4, Coningsay Close, Maidenhead, Berkshire.

for periods of over twenty-four hours at a time, though at the end of such a spell I was always anxious to remove my suit, having succumbed more than once to performing the natural functions and living with it swilling around inside against one's sweat-soaked skin. But as a diving suit (frogman's variety) already has a water lining for a means of insulation when in the sea, the feelings of additional fluids and excreta were not so noticeable, nor were they unbearable.

I first met another rubber lover this way. He was a diver too, and for that same reason he had joined the Navy. It was him who confessed that he wore rubber pants under his suit, and it was he who suggested, and eventually supplied me with a pair of black rubber knickers to wear under mine. It made my enjoyment more delightful, and I was always one of the first to get ready for practice dives or be ready for when action came.

Savour the smells

In civilian life I was tempted to seek a job at George Wests in Oxford Street, where I went as soon as I was on leave to wander around that temple of heaven to savour the smells of rubber mackintoshes and capes, literally in their hundreds, inside the shop. In the late 40's, when clothes rationing ended, the mackintosh boom began, and that for me was the beginning of a new wonderful life.

But I didn't join the shop staff. My courage failed me, and I was even too embarrassed to buy myself a rubber mackintosh, for I did not like those made for men but only those which adorned the female form.

I still lived with my aunt and cousin Jo. She was still unwed though she was an unmarried mother, having been seduced (in a mackintosh perhaps?) by an American, who left her with a baby girl. The little girl was charming and looked on me like a father but it made my rubber activities very restricted, for I never knew when she would come wandering into my room. I dare not lock the door or my aunt might be suspicious.

Both my aunt and Jo wore rubberised mackintoshes. Jo now had a saxe blue tightly belted type, and she may in fact have

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been a true rubberist, as I am sure she suspected I was. On at least one occasion it was plainly obvious.

Over with frustration

It was a night when we had been celebrating aunty's birthday, and aunty was going to see a show with a man friend of hers. She had been a widow ever since I could remember, long before I came to live with her. Anyway, Jo and I were going to the pictures on our own, and we naturally went in the back row. Even though we were cousins we were both fond of each other. And that night Jo wore her mack. I was surprised she didn't take it off in the pictures but sat in it and must have literally sweltered, for I was warm enough in just shirt, jacket and trousers. We necked and I was rewarded by having my erection eased out from my flies up the sleeve of her mack, which she then proceeded to slide gently up and down my shaft until the slithering rubber made me ejaculate forcibly up under her armpit. But that was one of the few times I could really savour the delights of rubber.

It was two years before Jo left to get married and I was alone in the house with just aunt and her new husband. I was expected to leave them and find my own flat, which I did very shortly afterwards. It was then my time of frustration was over.

It was at this time I eventually plucked up courage to venture into a woman's shop to purchase my first ladies mackintosh — a putty coloured military-style one with a creamy thick rubber lining at a sale price of one pound! If only one could do that now! It was a lovely mackintosh, being overlarge for me and coming almost to my ankles, for I am not a large man, except when it perhaps comes to a certain item of equipment.

After that first mackintosh acquisition I met June. We met at the tennis club. It was one of those warm sultry days with overcast skies the first time I saw her. I had just played a singles match with her and I was very warm and so was she. I had brought a change of clothes but she said she hadn't as there hadn't been time. As an instinct I offered to see her home.

Imagine my utter delight when she came out wearing a royal blue mackintosh belted tight and collar turned up and I could visualise the cool slippery rubber sliding over her bare calves and lower legs and bare arms. I said I liked her mack and she smiled and said she liked it too. We slithered along, my arm about her waist and I am sure she could feel my hardness pressing against her. But she just waggled her bottom closer and I was growing desperate and almost beyond the point of no return by the time we reached her gate.

When it came to later on that day and I went to pick her up to take her to a dance it was raining. I was shaken once more when she appeared at the door, not in the royal blue mack, but in a red satin swagger with matching souwester, her sister's she said. And like me she wore wellingtons. After the dance and we got home I had to get back to my flat, and as it was raining hard she suggested I borrow her blue mackintosh. No one would see me in the dark. I put it on, and on the way home I revelled in the luxury of wearing a woman's slithering mack in public for the first time.

I didn't know if June ever suspected, but that night I slept in her mackintosh, despite the fact it was soaking wet, lying on top of the bed and bringing myself more than once to a fantastic come over the slippery rubber lining. Just one of the million memories of rubber masturbations I've enjoyed since then and never ever regret.

RUBBERANDY

more reflections in next issue.

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RUSSELL DESCRIBES HIS RUBBER WEAR IN DETAIL

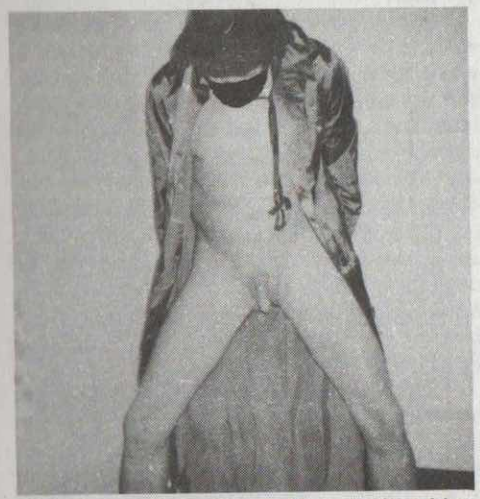
Dear Smooth,

I was very pleased to see my photographs published in your latest magazine and I hope your readers enjoyed seeing them. You ask that I describe in detail the various garments I derive pleasure from and I am happy to oblige. Firstly to me it is essential to have a completely shaved pubic area. This I do two to three times a week and I always wear latex rubber directoire knickers under my ordinary clothes I find they cling closely and being shaved adds to the pleasure.

I am enclosing some more photos and I will describe them in detail (*see captions*).

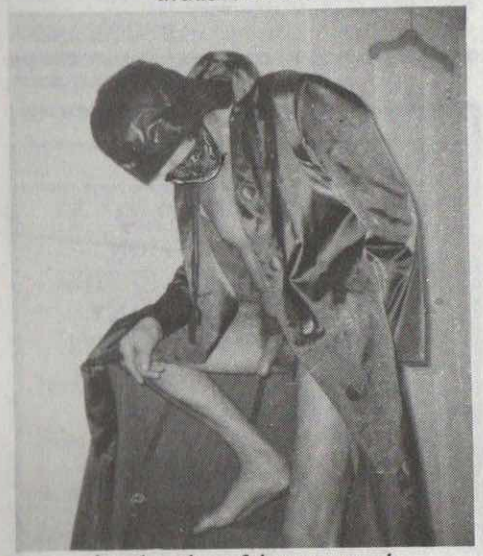
At the last count I had 38 mackintoshes, 6 capes, 2 rubber suits, 14 pairs of knickers, 4 brassieres, 2 pairs of waiders, 4 pairs of wellingtons. I can spend up to four hours dressing in various rubber garments.

Strange as it may seem, I am an ardent



Wearing my favourite mackintosh a long blue satin rubber lined garment I can swish around in this for hours.

Long satin lined mackintosh and black rubber waders.



Another view of the same mack.

Dressed as a woman black latex bra with water filled balloons as breasts, black latex suspender belt and black latex stockings. White latex directoire knickers and black rubber gloves.

Shiny black rubber mackintosh and souwester black waders and my satin mackintosh on my lap

Shiny black rubber again with waders.

Dressed ready to go out for a walk in black shiny rubber trousers, wellingtons and black shiny mackintosh and souwesters nothing else!

Waders, red latex knickers and blue satin mackintosh.

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nudist and my wife is too and although she will co-operate by wearing a mackintosh when we make love, she cannot really get much enjoyment from rubber. However, last summer we went to a French nudist resort in the South of France and we had several very wet days. We were able to walk around quite openly in just rubber macks and wellingtons and had some good sessions after walking around the camp among nudists like this for a while.

Although, many girls wore wellingtons, I only saw one other shiny black rubber mack and that was on a camp official, but I did see two young girls wearing transparent plastic raincoats and completely naked beneath.

I look forward to your next edition of "Smooth" it is nice to know of other rubber lovers.

Yours in macks,
Russell Mackswell.

Black shiny rubber.

Black shiny rubber.

Completely shiny black rubber as a woman. Notice the black nylon rubber lined mackintosh and blue satin mackintosh on the door and my favourite wellingtons, yellow.

Simply a mackman

Dear Editor,

Having read two issues of SMOOTH I thought it time I expressed a few views on the rubber scene. For more years than I care to remember I have been absolutely devoted to mackintoshes. It all started at an early age, and as with so many mack lovers it was through an aunt with a slinky indiana with inverted pleat. I had many hair raising affairs with it as it hung in a dark hall. I would always fondle it as I passed and doing homework I just had to have a quiet room to

myself . . . right next to the mackintosh. I had regular masturbation sessions with it, quiet ones at the table, or on other occasions I would wrap it around me and smuggle it to the outside loo where I would strip off and have stormy sessions culminating in gigantic climaxes all over the cool rubber lining. Ultimately I was found out and part of the punishment was for this delightful mackintosh to be torn to pieces and discarded in the dustbin. Needless to say I salvaged the piteous remnants later.

I mention this incident as I am purely and simply a mackman, and I am sure there are many like me. Any lightweight mackintosh whether rubber-proofed indiana or even the much maligned ordinary nylon mac which 'purists' ignore is my scene. Capes or coats are all the same to me, I revel in either.

For me much of Smooth has appeal, particularly I enjoy and thrill to those items which are near to my feelings.

Particularly "Capers" and G.T.L. with whom I have much in common when it comes to lightweight raincoats and capes.

It always fascinates me to read of other peoples' early mack experiences and I would like to read more of them. Plain truth is far more convincing than too much fantasy.

I am sure I am not alone in expressing this wish as many of us had to start with mackintoshes, and I am sure many have remained loyal to mack and nothing but mack.

So please spare a section for those of us who still thrill at the name of Dannimac, Quelrayn, Silkimac, Alligator etc. I must close as I draw my 54" black indiana cape around me and sink into happy euphoria.

MACKANON, Norfolk.

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POLYTHENE PARADISE

Serious thought leads to serious action, frivolous thinking leads to light hearted activity and the truth of this was brought home to me a few days ago when, for the first time in my life, I saw a photograph of a woman enjoying participation in a fetishistic activity which I personally had never experienced.

Readers of Smooth will not need to be told of my delights experinced in the enjoyments of *rubber* and my initiation to the pleasures of *leather*. Much serious thought passed through my feminine grey matter during the years I was compiling my vast array of rubberwear and in adding a wordrobe of leather to the rubber ensamble more serious comtemplation was required. But plastic and polythene! Could *anyone* really be serious about wearing such synthetics for building up sensual stimulation?

Teasing fluffs

Visual stimulation in marriage can be of the utmost importance to many couples, and I readily understand and accept this. Sexy lingerie, little bits of teasing fluffs, special bras with cut-aways for the nipples, bizarre panties and even leotards and body-stockings all have a place in the love-sex-game. Strange as it may seem to some happily married folk there are indeed couples who incorporate into the preparation for intercourse the wearing of the most outlandish attire. I, personally, was not in the least surprised to learn from a close friend of mine that her husband is never as good in his love-making as when she has waited for him in their bedroom clad in a black vinyl leotard 'cat-suit' over which she clamps a white leather, laced, corset of the old fashioned type. She is a powerfully built woman and when she went on to tell me she completes her 'sex' outfit by wearing black *SILK* stockings, not nylons, kept taut up her strong thighs by a suspender-belt of white leather, I could well imagine the stark erotic sight she would present to her husband, who clearly had a degree of masochism in his make-up.

So I understand the pleasures obtained from wearing *rubber*, from enjoying *leather* and the build up towards gratification from visual stimulation of bizarre dressing, but to return to the photograph I mentioned earlier, I could not comprehend the stimulation the girl appeared to be experiencing from her own fetish . . . for she was clad in nothing but a polythene covering! From the more serious thinking of my own particular 'games' I let my mind wander flippantly for a change, for who could think seriously about wearing nothing but *polythene*. Yet the girl in the picture WAS enjoying it. Her expression left no one in doubt, and so, being Heather Random, I had to try it. I HAD to experience the sensations for myself and the first thing was to purchase a large polythene raincoat of sheeting similar to the one shown in the intriguing print. This was not difficult and in the privacy of my home I prepared to experiment in what I now call my 'polythene pleasures'.

Any sensual pleasure, for the most satisfying result, must have a slow build-up. Stimulation leads to excitement, the slower the stimulation the higher the degree of sexual excitement attained. All five senses can be utilised to reach the desired plane of ecstasy, sight, smell, touch, taste and sound, and any fetish worth indulging must in varying fashion encourage the fetishist to experience pleasure form one or more of these.

The sexual stimuli obtained from wearing rubber or leather garments is somewhat increased because normally such clothing is not a part of the everyday scene, but polythene could hardly be allowed to come into this category for it can be seen everyday and almost everywhere. Yet, when I felt the coolness caressing my naked flesh I became aware that the photograph was NOT lying. It WAS possible to get the sort of thrill from this man-made synthetic that the young lady in the photograph suggested by her pose and expression. I was mildly surprised and greatly pleased. My excitement increased as I wrapped the folds of the clinging polythene not only about my legs and arms but compressed the sleek warmth tightly up under my armpits and between my legs.

Warm at once

I found the polythene quickly became warm. Rubber of course warms to the body heat particularly if it is very thin, leather does not warm although the wearer becomes a furnace within a few minutes of being encased even if movement of the limbs is not fast, but *polythene* was different to rubber and leather. It became warm almost at once, or was it because I was excited at trying something new? Was my own bodyheat inducing the polythene to *appear* warm after being so cool at first? No, I do not think this was so. The fabric was getting warm and as I caressed my arms and legs and body through the thin covering I realised with increasing clarity what pleasures the model in the photograph was experiencing.

As in the print my covering was of a see-through natural colour and it did not take me long to appreciate just how much more tantalising the female body could appear if it was draped not in colourless polythene but in, maybe, a timid pink, or pale blue, or most provocative of all, very thin see-through transparent BLACK. The whiteness of the limbs through such a covering would be enhanced, the contrast of flesh and polythene increased in such a way that stimulation through visual awareness would show. A husband watching his shapely wife cavorting close to his bed dressed only in a transparent coloured polythene cape or coat could not fail to have his virility increased for the subsequent love-making. Unless, of course, he was past being stimulated by sight, or smell, (for polythene has a most sensually distinctive odour when it is warmed by the nude body) or sound, (the swishing of naked thighs against polythene can be as erotic as any sound of flesh with rubber) or touch, (for he will not be able to resist reaching out his hands in impatient gestures and his wife will be foolish if she prances continuoulsy out of reach).

Sweat of exertion

Within such a scene all the senses have been brought into aspect except that of taste. Polythene as such is tasteless. After being worn next to the naked form for any length of time, especially during fast movement, the odour from the polythene can be powerful but when kissed or licked the taste obtained from the covering is really only from the human pores. Sweat of exertion or fluids of excitement tend to allow the polythene to claim a taste of its own. This is not so. The indulgence of the polythene fetish will not include the pleasures of the sense of taste. Sight, smell, touch and sound YES. Taste, I am afraid NO. This does not detract from the pleasure one can obtain from polythene. The pleasure of the wearer and the pleasure of the watcher can be increased if the teasing transparent garment is transferred from one nude form to another. A husband will derive stimulation from donning over his naked body a polythene drape warmed and dampened from his beloved's own nudity. The garment will cling more closely, more intimately now that it has been brought from its normal cold aloofness to this warm sensualness, and although in the first instance I experimented alone I have since then developed a technique with my love-partner which gives us both tremendous pleasure.

It did not take us long to realise we derived greater thrills from our polythene games if the natural odours of our bodies were not disguised, and so I made sure to wash all my perfume away and my partner refused to use even his after-shave lotion on the evenings we set aside for a polythene game. I normally use a lot of cologne but this too has to be kept away from my body so that when I become heated from the close embraces of the polythene sheetings it is my true unadulterated body-smell that scents the fetish synthetic. This aspect of the 'game' we found to be very important. Any sweet or dainty odour with the polythene when it becomes warm is distracting. It is the earthy musky aroma of male and female sweat that stimulates and acts as a true aphrodisiac.

My naked partner undresses me slowly before he attempts to bring the polythene into our 'game' and not until I am quite bare and trembling slightly from the exposure does he slowly tease me by allowing the cool

clingy polythene to be draped across my shoulders. Playfully he will ease the covering down to encase my breasts, his fingers acting not only as passion strokers as he touches my nipples but also as 'shapers' as he moulds the now slightly warm polythene to my mammaries. My nipples always respond to touch quickly, but never more rapidly than when my breasts are encased in a rubber bra. The massaging of their sensitiveness with warm polythene however is a very close second in my estimation of nipple arousal methods, and I am sure many women who have found it difficult to obtain real pleasure from the perhaps clumsy attempts of their husaband to rub their nipples into erection will find polythene games may be the answer. The thick clumsy fingers seem to be gloved in velvet-smoothness when transparent polythene is the wafer-thin fabric between hand and teat. Speaking for myself I adore to be breast stimulated through thin rubber or polythene, but at this moment I must pay tribute to that teasing, tantalising photograph of the pretty girl in her polythene drapery that gave me the inducement to try this new fetishism. I have never regretted it, and neither has my partner for after he has completely dressed me in the sheeting he caresses me from head to toe for sometimes upwards of an hour. By this time the touch and smell of the polythene is very different to its cold natural state. It was warm and damp, it has the odour from my womanly pores upon it, and by the time my partner indicates it is his turn to be polythene draped it is possible for me to have reached at least one, and frequently two or three, fairly satisfying orgasms. I say *fairly* satisfying, for that is the correct description. I would be stretching truth to say exhilarating orgasms for although these have been reached with the use of rubber, after many years addiction I must add, so far polythene has not gained sufficient hold over my senses to allow or persuade my body to climb to true ecstasy. Unless a woman is used to multi orgasms I fear she may not at all attain a climax through the medium of polythene unless actual intercourse is a part of the game, and I would go so far as to say very few men would be stimulated to the point of ejaculation through any of their senses being aroused solely by the use of polythene.

Here again I cannot generalise too much. From the many interesting letters published it would appear many males can experience the pleasure of an ejaculation merely by the sight of sexy intimate underwear. Many more have a climax if silky or nylon knickers are compressed to their genitals and so it may well be that there are a legion of virile males able, and indeed anxious, to climax through the sight of an attractive female body sheathed in polythene, or through the warm smooth caressing of their own bodies with the synthetic after it has been warmed and dampened by the sweetness of the feminine form.

Female point of view

Again I must only speak from personal experience, and from the female point of view at that, so I am really guessing when I write of the possible satisfactions a man could obtain from these polythene pursuits. My own partner can be given additional pleasurable stimulation when I lightly slap or cane his buttocks through the polythene and when he returns the compliment and smacks my bottom while I am adorned in the polythene sheeting I can truthfully tell you I am never very far from the pleasures of an orgasm. Harder slaps bring me closer to my peak, and although I always prefer the game to be concluded with normal intercourse if the smacking is continued and aimed more at the tender underside of my bottom cheeks it takes but a little coaxing for me to enter the POLYTHENE PARADISE. I think you know what I mean, at least I am sure you girls understand don't you?

By Heather Random

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HER FIRST EXPERIENCE

Dear Smooth,

Variety is the spice of life, so it is said, and in my experience it was true.

My wife and I were having a macking session, with various positions and macs being sampled. She was in her Aubergine Midi P.V.C. and I was well embeded into her 'doggy fashion' when unheard and without warning in walked her twenty one years old, single, sister Ann. As she watched fascinated, but delighted, I carried on until I climaxed.

Talking afterwards, Ann asked about the macs and the position we were in. We explained how the sound, feel and wearing the P.V.C. macs created in us a greater sexual arousement. Although having regular intercourse, Ann said she had never tried it in our position, as when making love she liked to feel the penis penetrate deeply, and did not think this was possible in our position.

More in joking, I offered to demonstrate how much I could penetrate and after discussing the sugestion with the wife she agreed to accept my offer.

Ann undressed, selected my wifes shapely and shiny brown P.V.C. midi mac and slipped it on. After spreading a mac over the low well padded table we use, she laid across it, the wife assisting her into a comfortable position, legs wide open, with sex entrance prominently displayed.

On inserting my member into her, I lay still allowing her to sample it, then after a while arousing play from my wife, enabled me to achieve further penetration, and she whispered to me, "Give Ann a good session." In response to my first gentle thrusts, she was soon arching up in rhythm, to meet them. Thrusting harder and faster, as she arched up for what was my last thrust, I held her tightly to me, then ejaculated. An amazed and well satisfied Ann sat discussing it, admitting the mac increased her arousement, and that when with her man next she would wear a mac when having intercourse to see if it increased his arousement. Two weeks later Ann called and reported that her latest sessions were great, and to purchase some more macs was her intention. Some weeks later I called at her house with a message for her, where on entering I found Ann was home on her own. She led me to her room, where some delightful arousing macs were displayed, and removed inhibiting clothes, then lay face down on her bed. By the marvellous session I had, she had done her homework well in the intervening period.

Yours sincerely,
P.V.C. (Glos.).

JULIE IS HARDLY DRESSED FOR WET WEATHER

Wearing Wellies With Stockings Wellies With White Socks Wellies With Rubber Stockings Even Wellies With Bare Legs.

BUT SHE HAS THE KNACK OF MAKING WELLIES LOOK VERY VERY ATTRACTIVE INDEED!!

IN SEARCH OF RUBBER

There are a great many people today, both men and women, who have discovered the sensual pleasures obtained either from the wearing of rubber, or from seeing members of the opposite sex clad in it. Whether it is the everyday garments, such as macs and boots, a common sight on any village or town, or the more bizarre gear worn in the privacy of the home, it is rubber which dominates the sexual scene.

Up until a short time ago, the rubber enthusiast was inclined to believe that this was his or her own private fetish. To discuss it with friends would only invite ridicule, perhaps worse, and, consequently a feeling of guilt was born in one. Now, thanks to the enlightenment which this modern age has brought about, the lover of rubber need no longer fear lest his 'secret' is discovered. Yet, even so, the contact with others who share this fetish is not altogether easy. An advertisement in any of the many magazines, whose aim is to bring such people together, is all right up to a point, except that it has the qualities of a marriage bureau, namely, you do not know just what type of person you are being linked with. In my opinion, it is far better to find your own friends in this, as in any other walk of life. It is far less impersonal, and, to my mind, it presents a definite challenge. One must, however, give some thought to the method setting about this task, for you cannot just go up to the first attractive girl you see wearing a shiny rubber mac and boots, and remark, "I see you're a rubber enthusiast. Would you like to pop round to my place?" A sharp rebuff would probably follow, for even if she is one, she may not fancy you. On the other hand, she may just be wearing this clothing to combat the inclement weather!

Forethought

Therefore, some forethought is necessary before setting out to find the type of girl you are looking for. A true rubber lover will settle for nothing less than the genuine article, nothing synthetic or plastic will suffice. His practised eye will detect the difference at once from a considerable distance.

A small town is probably the best place to start your search. A large city is too impersonal, and although you may see plenty of what you are looking for, the approach will be much too difficult. Girls are always wary of strange men in such places, and even if you both appear to be on the same wave-length by your apparel, it's odds on that the meeting won't be a success. At the other extreme, a village is far too small, and before you know where you are, everybody from the post-mistress downwards will know that a man has been looking for girls who wear rubber clothing, and you could find yourself in an awkward situation.

A cool Autumn

So, having decided on that small, but busy township, you set forth on your quest. It isn't much good picking a day in the height of a heatwave, for all you will see is cotton blouses and skirts. A cool autumn day is best, preferably with a hint of rain in the air, and then you'll see a bevy of rubber macs and boots. You must not, however, forget your own rubber clothing, for a true enthusiast won't really be interested in an approach made by a man in a conventional fabric. Therefore, clad as you wish to find your partner, you can sally forth.

You will probably find a score of more of such girls on your reconnaissance down the High Street, and your heart pounds excitedly. However, don't make a bee-line for the first one you see. You've got to play it cool and subtle if you want success. and you'll have to eliminate a few 'possibles' before you start. The girls with engagement or wedding rings won't be bothered with you, for it's almost a certainty that their husbands or fiances are providing them with as much rubber-pleasure as they want. So now you've narrowed your search considerably, and when you finally see that petite brunette, wearing the shiny red rubber mac with thigh-length boots to match, you reckon you've found what you're looking for. The next step will be the all-important one'. You'll have to seize your opportunity as and when it arises. You may be lucky. For instance, the girl you have discreetly followed down the street may suddenly turn in at the dry-cleaning shop. A hint of her destination, beforehand, may perhaps be

gleaned from the fact that she is carrying a spare mac over her arm. If that is the case, you can follow her into the shop. You can always use an enquiry regarding service or charges as an excuse. Then, as she hands over her garment, you can show your admiration for it, compliment her on her choice of such wear, and then make sure that you walk out of the shop with her, showing all the common courtesy, such as holding open the door for her. You will know by this time whether or not you are in the running, and if you are, then you will have to ask her round to your place before she disappears whence she came.

However, things might not be quite so easy. The girl of your choice might not obligingly go into the cleaners, and present you with an opportunity on a plate. If she enters a cafe, then you can always follow her in, and try and sit at the same tabel. A conversation can always be struck up, and if you don't get anywhere, then there's nothing lost. She may return to her place of work. If it is one that is in direct contact with the public; i.e. a Post Office or a Bank, then you can inevitably contact her across the counter. If it is a private office, at least you know where she works, and you can utilise your knowledge to try and strike up an acquaintance in her lunch hour, or on the bus after work.

In actual fact, finding a fellow rubber enthusiast is akin to dating up an ordinary girl whom you have chanced to see in the street, *except that* it is a much more 'specialised' friendship or affair which you are seeking, and must be handled more delicately in order not to put her off to begin with.

The next step, once you have met the girl of your choice, and established that you both have made a fetish of rubber, is to cement the friendship in the privacy of your own surroundings, or hers. It is important to discover right away whether she just goes in for wearing this type of clothing for the pleasure of feeling it against her skin, or whether she goes in for the more bizarre kind in private. It's no good frightening her off with the latter if she's only interested in the former.

The recreation park

My own meeting with a fellow rubber fan took place in circumstances when fate was very kind to me. I had set off on the type of search which I have outlined, but had not had much success in the small country town I had chosen, by early afternoon. As a result, somewhat dispirited, I retired to the local recreation park to relax for a while, and regain my enthusiasm. The sun was shining brightly as I sat on the wide bench amongst a crowd of young people, many of whom were reclining on the grass. Suddenly, a thunder-storm blew up, and as the first heavy spots of rain fell, people were hastily donning coats, and rushing for the shelter of a line of giant oak trees. I was amongst the first to reach them, and, as I did so, a very pretty blonde-haired girl, with a shiny rubber mac, joined me, and leaned up against the trunk of my tree. I then noticed that the bark of this particular oak was thick with a heavy green moss, and some of it had rubber off, and adhered to her garment. Expressing concern that such a beautiful rubber coat should be spoiled in this way, I hastily began trying to clean it off with my handkerchief. She smiled her thanks, showing a keen interest in my own coat, and soon we were conversing on my favourite topic. Yes, she would be delighted to call round at my flat that evening, and discuss our mutual interest, she replied in answer to my question.

Exciting evening

It turned out to be one of the most beautiful and exciting evenings in the whole of my 'rubber' career. After a preliminary discussion, we stripped to our rubber underwear, and my erection became even greater as I noticed her almost transparent latex panties, with a bra to match. She regarded my own briefs of the same material with equal interest, gazing admiringly at my hardness. Then I showed her my rubber-lined double-sleeping bag and her eyes sparkled. Was I interested in rubber-bondage. I could hardly believe my luck, and without further ado, I produced my rubber straps with the specially fitted clips which enabled me, not only to bind a person hand and foot, but also to strap them to the bed. In this way, there was not the acute chafing and discomfort of ropes, the rubber adding to the sensual pleasure. We took it in turns to dominate the other, administering a playful spanking with a rubber lined table-tennis bat, and petting each other at leisure. My greatest thrill came as I lay there strapped to the bed, and my companion pulled down my pants sufficently to free my erect penis. Then, she turned away, opened her handbag, and withdrew a pair of very soft, thin rubber gloves. Pulling these on her supple hands, she began to play with such perfection as I have never before experienced. It was as though, at one stage, she was stretching me an extra couple of inches. Suddenly, I had to ask her to stop as I felt an orgasm nearing, and I wished to prolong our pleasure as much as possible. When the roles were reversed, she asked me to wear her gloves, and caress the protruding nipples of her breasts, and then to excite her almost to the point of an orgasm.

We spent almost two hours in the throes of these highly erotic rubber sensations, and then, finally, when we both felt that we could contain ourselves no longer, we stripped naked, and climbed into the refreshing sensuousness of that rubber-lined sleeping bag. The thought of all that had just gone before afforded me one of the finest orgasms I have ever experienced. In fact, we both came together, she judging my eruption to the very second, and writhing in pleasure with me in this 'rubber' climax.

Often, in a search for girls in rubber, one finds the enthusiast who is not seeking intercourse, but preferring the pleasures of touch alone. I once became very friendly with one of these, and found it rather frustrating at times when I failed to seduce her. Our favourite pastime was, as we stood kissing each other goodnight in the alley which adjoined her parents' terraced house, to rub ourselves against each other, bringing my loins as close to her rubber-covered

crotch as possible, until finally we both came n this manner.

Someone else

Once I had completed my initial search for a fellow rubber-enthusiast. I found that these friends became more common. My girl-friend had a couple of acquaintances who also thrived on this type of sensual delight, and they, in turn, knew someone else who knew someone else, and so on . . . Within six months we became friendly with no fewer than ten other followers of this fetish, four couples and two single girls. From this we formed our own 'Rubber Club', confining membership to known members only. This unofficial gathering soon grew to such an extent that we had to limit membership to twenty. I was amazed to find such a variety of enthusiasts, and realised that I was only one amongst very many.

There are many advantages with a club such as this. Meeting places can be staggered, using one another's houses on a rota system. The more expensive bizarre equipment can be purchased economically between all of us, and we can afford to buy much, much more of it. Those who have young children can bring them to the meeting house, and they can all be bedded down in one room, the parents then assured of their safety, and also not having to be home by a certain time in order to release a baby-sitter.

Membership limited

Thus, my own search for a rubber-enthusiast girl-friend has progressed from that one shy girl who would only let me enjoy myself by rubbing against her, to this highly organised private society which has had to have its membership limited. There are hundreds more 'loners' thorughout this country who might build up something on these lines if only they would overcome their initial shyness, and go out and search for rubber-enthusiast friends, maybe they're just waiting to be contacted.

Only A Few Copies Of Smooth Left

A few copies of the first three issues of SMOOTH are still available. If you missed them they can be ordered from:
SWISH PUBLISHING CO., 173, King Charles Road, Tolworth, Surrey. Enclosing cheque/postal order for £2 per copy.

THE RUBBER, LEATHER and VINYL ANNUAL

This publication will undoubtedly prove to be a 'collector's item' and contains *photographs and drawings from our readers and private collections from many countries, personal letters and experiences, in depth look at the rubber and kindred fetishes.*

JOIN US AS WE TAKE AN EXCITING EXCURSION INTO THE BIZARRE REALMS OF *GAS MASKS . . . WELLINGTONS . . . APRONS . . . CAPES . . . MACKINTOSHES . . . ENEMAS.*
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Obtainable at the West End Centre for Fetish and Fantasy Material, 20a Newport Court, London W.C.2.

THIS IS WHEN IT ALL STARTED

Dear Sir,

It may be of interest to mention an incident when I was about twelve years old which may have a bearing on my sexual interest in rubber macs. We had a Help living in, a sharp-featured young Welsh woman with a harsh voice and manner. She wore steel-framed glasses and had dark hair parted in the middle and drawn severely back to a tight bun at the back of her neck. She invariably wore shiny brown rubber Wellingtons and a shiny blue rubber mackintosh with a kind of close fleecy lining. More than once my in my parents absence she had used a leather belt on me with the threat of worse to come if I "told on her".

One day she'd taken me out shopping with her, she as usual in her Wellingtons and tightly-belted blue rubber mack and had told me to wear my own mack which was of dark blue cloth with a rubber lining. During the course of the afternoon I badly wanted to "spend a penny" and I told her so. She sharply replied that there was no toilet about and I'd have to wait till we got home. I was soon getting more and more uncomfortable when she snapped at me and told me to put my hand in my mack pocket and to "hold myself" and not dare wet myself. I glanced at her hard face and the way she walked so slowly along looking in the shop windows with her hands pushed deeply into her mack pockets making her mack stretch tighter still around her hips and posterior. I soon found my bursting cock getting harder and a very "nice" feeling in it. Somehow or other I managed to hold myself until we finally got home. After this incident I began using this Help in her mackintosh as a powerful fantasy aid to masturbation. Throughout my life to date Mackintosh Sex has been my most exciting Joy and at times a very expensive Joy. Some twenty years ago I fell under the charms of a much older woman who bled me of a considerable sum of money. She always used heavy make-up and I (foolishly?) told her that I liked attractive women in rubber mackintoshes. Those few years of my life was a Saga in itself and nearly finished my marriage. I've only time and space at this moment of time to reveal one brief happening of dozens of others. I'd parked the car by a wood out in the country with her one nice summer afternoon. We got out and soon found a convenient place to lie down, me carrying a rubberized ground-sheet and my older companion looking evilly beautiful in heavy make-up and wearing a superbly tightly-belted black rubber mackintosh. We'd positioned ourselves on the ground-sheet, she on top of me and me with my trousers down. I think I must have said something about my wife at this stage and what she'd think if she could see us now! I'll never forget the reply she gave me: "For Christ's sake stop belly-aching and put it in!" Then during the next few moments of rapidly increasing ecstasy she would tell me what new item of clothing or fashionwear she wanted from me when we next met and how quickly she wanted such a meeting to be. Amongst her wardrobe which I gave her were two black rubber mackintoshes, a black leather coat, and a black two-piece mackintosh skirt and blouse, apart from lots of smaller articles such as silk stockings and items of rubber underwear.

Wouldn't be Hell

Anyway I've no wish to reform myself and through the columns of your mag I would only like to pass on to other Readers my pleasure and excitement of Mackintosh Sex. Once, during a conversation with another lady friend in a rubber mackintosh we got chatting about the next Life, if one exists. She said she thought Heaven might be a further uninteresting place and that she'd more likely end up in Hell, wearing a rubber mackintosh and torturing someone like myself! (That for me wouldn't be Hell!!).

Mackintosh Man.

SMOOTH

Can help you in your SEARCH for:

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SMOOTH is happy to announce a genuinely productive Advertising Section which will appear regularly in our columns. It has been created for all those who seeks **new stimulus, new friends, new excitements and something extra** in their social and sexual experiences. So, if you feel life is sometimes getting a little humdrum, let us help you bring it refreshingly new dimensions! **For all your Personal wants read and advertise in our new Classified Advertising Section.** We will do all in our power to ensure that no advertiser seeks financial gain in any way. and of course we will not accept adverts which involve illegal sex activities. What we do want to provide is a regular section which will help readers, single men and women as well as couples, to find those who share their tastes and have the same interests and hobbies. If you would like to be amongst the first to take space in this section fill in the coupon without delay.

RATES: £4 minimum up to 30 words; extra words 10p per word. Ladies advertise free when seeking male friends (one free ad per issue).

To: SMOOTH, 45 Great Guildford Street, London, S.E.1.

Please print in your Classified Section the following (CAPITALS PLEASE) .....

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The above advert was written and devised by me. I understand that Swish Magazines reserve the right to alter or reject adverts. I submit this advert for publication of my own free will.

Signature..... Date..... I am over 18.

Enclosed is £..... (all photos inserted free of charge) in full payment for the above advert.

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YOUNG MAN with large collection of ladies and gents rubber-lined mackintoshes wishes to meet anyone who wishes to try these garments. London Area, but can also travel. **Box 00 15**

GENTLEMAN 50, experienced enemas all types wishes to correspond with young lady/ladies similar interests. No fees, all replies answered. Send S.A.E. **Box 00 16**

VISITING Brussels? Very attractive couple 30/40 offers free accomodation in Private home to girls and couples fond of rubber, macks for fun. State interests to fulfill mutual fantasies. **Box 00 17**

MALE 30, requiring friends into Rubber scene, wishes to visit females, couples. Can be dominant or submissive. Present interests include domination, enemas. W.S. London and surrounding counties. **Box 00 18**

22 YEAR-OLD male, seeks lady friend for active and passive rubber enjoyment. London and surrounding areas. Have own transport. Photo if possible. **Box 00 19**

BEAUTIFUL talented and imaginative young female with dominant nature and an interest in rubber/leather, offers pen friendship to a submissive male, enclose donation to cover cost of sample colour photos and intimate letter. Prompt reply. Midlands. **Box 00 20**

RUBBER Fan & T.V. 25, AC/DC likes Rubber and Undies. Would like to meet same 18/35, or interested ladies for mutual fun. Photo appreciated. Can travel. Absolute discretion. London/South East. **Box 00 21**

TALL Lady, late 40's seeks friends aged 25-55, interested rubber. Also offers help to T.V.'s etc. **Box 00 22**

RESPECTABLE young man, 23, wishes to meet female/attractive T.V. Angela? Interested in all aspects of rubberwear, quite shy, own small wardrobe. Genuine replies only please. London/South East. **Box 00 23**

RUBBER enthusiast anxious to acquire a used deep-sea diving dress-helmet chest piece, boots and all weights for use playroom. Average worn condition is acceptable as not for practical diving, also wish to correspond and meet others with similar interest. **Box 00 24**

BROADMINDED male, fair haired, tall and 30 years of age, infant in rubber panties, devoted to rubber-lined capes, rubber aprons, wellingtons etc. Would very much like to share these gentle but frustrating feelings. Age limit superfluous to genuine partner feeling the same utter loneliness of secret rubber devotion. Unfortunately, must be your residence. London. **Box 00 25**

GORGEOUS sexy T.V. (27) slim with own private flat, loves spike heels, waspies, stockings and suspenders, heavy make-up wishes to meet males, females, other T.V.'s Also likes rubber. Hants/Surrey. **Box 00 26**

See next page on how to answer a classified advert.

Rubber, Rubber, Everywhere

Dear Smooth,

Even though I had been told that the parcel of things my wife had ordered from the rubber firm had arrived, I was still surprised at her air of intense excitement. "I've taken the things into the spare bedroom where we can try them all out. Go and get undressed and I'll be up in a minute".

Into the bedroom and the first shock seeing the bed covered in a huge pink rubber sheet, another folded at the end. On it a long black rubberised cape with oddly—a belt attached at the back. By its side two pairs of broad leather wrist or ankle straps with clip rings sewn into them, a one piece enema syringe with its attached fluid bag, and on the end of the bed a black rubber helmet mask. Holding it up showed it to be head shaped with a thick neck collar and straps with a heavy zip running down the back. There were two small eyeholes which could be closed by dropping down a large flap attached to the front, two small holes under the nostrils and where the mouth would be was a valve attached to a long length of thin tubing on the end being a bulbous rubber inflator. Opening the hood showed the limp shape of the inflatable gag and the awful wedge shaped thick rubber jaw piece.

"That's really the best of the lot, we'll leave it to last and try the enema properly tomorrow, although I want to see if that nozzle really will go in you—it looks really big but a lot of vaseline should help, kneel on the bed—now get your bottom up—in it goes. Stop drawing away or it will be worse. That's better—but do stop moaning. Imagine having a litre of fluid being pumped in as well tomorrow—the new rubber sheets will prove really useful. Alright let's have the nozzle out."

Then, picking up the wrist straps "No need for these tonight as for the cape—its quite tough and if you are belted into it you would be quite a bit restricted, again we can leave it for now."

"Do stop spluttering. The straps are not properly tightened yet as this is only a try out not for serious: Oh dear, you look a bit frightened but I shall only be another minute getting them properly adjusted for next time. That's fine."

Then the awful helmet mask "Let's try this—mouth open as wide as it will go" Poised further and further open to get the big rubber wedge against gums and cheeks, the hood drawn up over the face, the feeling of the zip closing and the collar straps buckled. At first just the sweet taste and smell of the warming rubber, then the regular hiss of air as the inflator is squeezed. The gradual growing discomfort.

Then suddenly the pressure stops, the straps and zip undone and into the air again.

"How dare you try and get the hood off like that before I had finished. I was going to wait until tomorrow before getting serious with you, but after that you can find out right now how uncomfortable I can make you." "We'll have the wrist straps on you first, but put these rubber pants on first and this latex cap, on your head. Get your wrists together for the straps. The cape is just the right size—now for the belt. Lie down on the bed and put your ankles together. You are starting to look scared. Rubber sheet over the top of you and don't you dare try and shake it off. I think the wedge can be opened a bit more and will go even further in if your dentures are taken out. Open wide—wider—wider still."

The red rubber bulb

So as before the same pattern but the choking discomfort much much worse. Then eyes gleaming with excitement, my wife slowly and almost lovingly squeezing the red rubber bulb of the inflator. Then from the side, a mirror is picked up and in it can be seen a shape under the big pink rubber sheet, topped by a shiny black rubber head with a tube where the mouth should be, and a pair of eyes peering through the two holes in the mask, until a rubber gloved hand reaches forward and draws down the rubber flap—into complete darkness.

Seemingly hours pass until relief finally comes and the helmet taken off "That was very exciting, I am so pleased that you got really frightened, but it was for only a very short time. I've already thought of one or two improvements which you really will dislike. By the way there's one other item to come—it's another kind of helmet mask with

a double rubber wall and air can be pumped into the space between them. It could be quite unpleasant I should think".

Yours sincerely,
F.J.H.
Still a very satisfied husband.

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Write you letter to the advertiser, place it in an envelope, seal AND STAMP. Write the number of the advert, which you are answering, clearly in pencil on the back top left-hand corner of the envelope. Now put your sealed replies, along with the correct forwarding fee, into a larger envelope. Fill in the strip below and enclose this also in the envelope. Address and mail this to:

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It is an offence to send through the post any material which is pornographic or obscene.

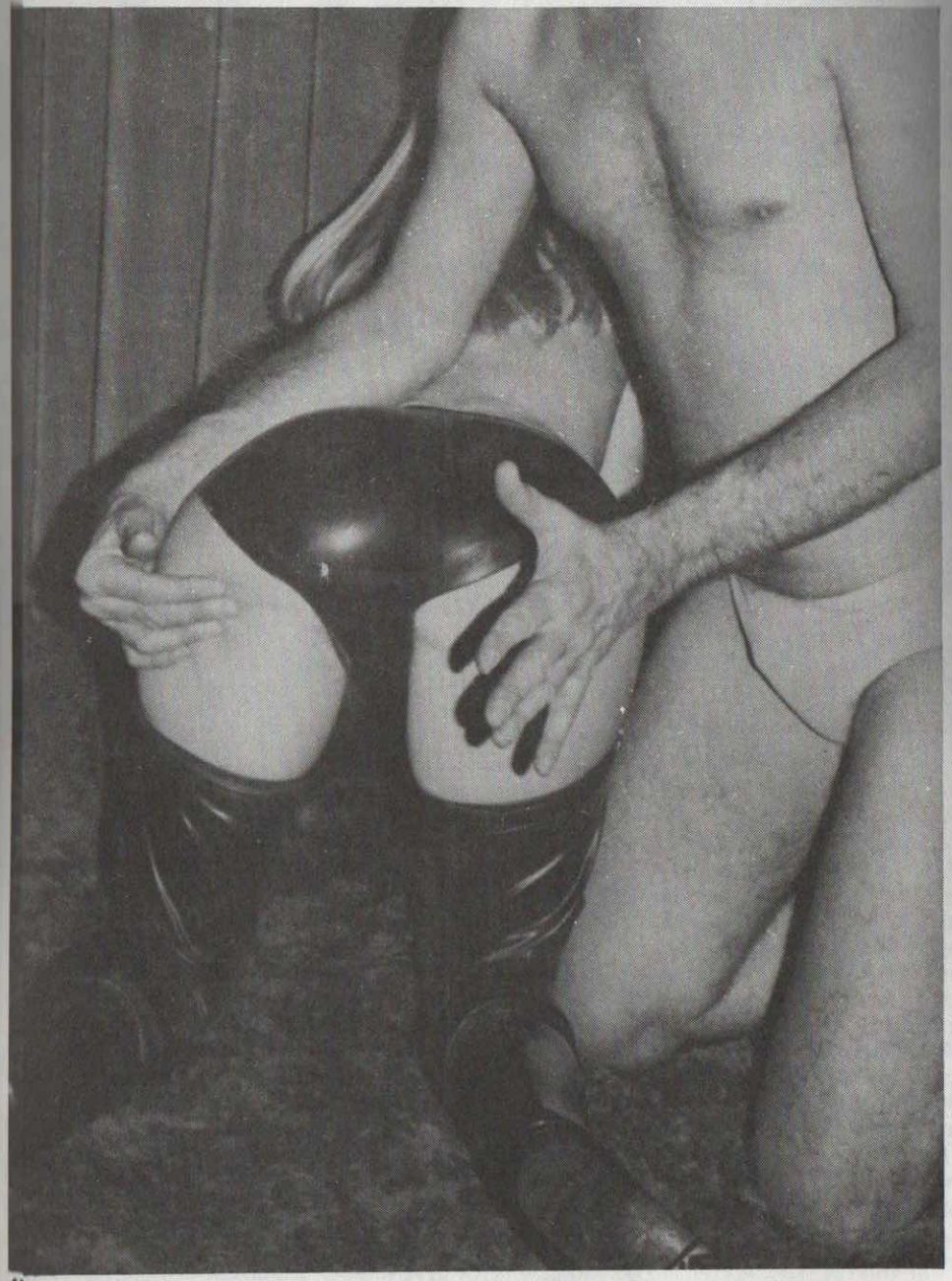
JULIE finds great excitement in Rubber Masturbation

I love wearing rubber. I am not ashamed to admit my interest in the delightfully smooth swishy garments, that can now be obtained so easily, any more than I am embarrassed to show my excitement over furs. There must be countless women, young and not so young, who thrill to the touch of fur, and speaking for myself, I tingle with anticipatory excitement when I am dressing in my firs because I know this is a prelude to going out for an evenings enjoyment at a show or to one of my favourite restaurants. In very much the same way I am overcome with an eager exhilaration when I am preparing to don a selection of rubber garments from my very extensive wardrobe because I know, and anticipate with great delight, what is to follow.

My partner, whilst sharing my adoration for rubber in itself, is not so keen on wearing it as seeing and feeling it on *my* body. We both enjoy masturbation and we also have a lot of fun from spanking games, so when one is asked to write a few experiences for SMOOTH readers on the subject of *rubber, masturbation AND spanking,* Wow! the editor is really asking a lot isn't he? Maybe I should first give you example of a spanking game my partner and I play when we are in a 'rubber' mood and want to indulge in more than a fondling session. For these activities my favourite dressing-up gear consists of very tight fitting rubber knickers (have you ever worn a pair of *loose* rubber knicks? I haven't) rubber suspender-strap to keep taut my long rubber stockings, and a pair of calf length wellies. It is my partner who insists on the wellies, although sometimes he likes me to have a change and wear knee-length boots, but he says somehow he always associates wellies with his own particular rubber-scene and so to give him extra pleasure I wear them, and between you and me I like them too.

My partner likes me to pretend that I do not want to be spanked. I am not a very good actress but I do my best. A chase about the lounge, a few scuffles, a few escapes and then at last he has me cornered and down on my hands and knees. After this sort of runaround I am usually a bit out of breath and welcome the chance of a respite, not that I am given much of a rest for as soon as I am down on all fours he is kneeling beside me, one arm across my back, his hand gripping my bare thigh betwixt the edge of the rubber panties and the tops of my stockings.

Although of course it is all in good fun he ...es grip me quite firmly and I don't think I ...uld get away even if I wanted to, which of ...urse I don't. The open palm smacking ...gins. He has large hands and has the knack of flicking under the slight swelling of my bottom cheeks and just below so that not only the buttocks but the tops of my thighs tingle as well. It makes me feel great. I don't look round at him but I sense he is enjoying



his role of *spanker* as much as I relish being the *spankee*. I am soon to see proof of his pleasure but that comes a little later in the proceedings. For a while he will concentrate on that part of my cheeks compressed beneath the tight rubber knickers, then the palm moves lower to pinken all that part of my flesh exposed. Now and again his hands will run lovingly over my knickers, descending across naked thigh flesh until finally it is the smooth texture of the rubber stockings that encase my long legs that is the target for his fingers.

Circular massage

With my bottom tingling deliciously I seem super sensitive to his touch through the rubber on my legs, more so when again he concentrates on my backside with steady circular massagement before resuming the smacking. Now the slaps will get harder, faster, the extra friction causing me to feel even more sexy than when we started our game. He can sense my approach towards feline arousal and when my rear involuntarily writhes he will slip a hand down inside both my suspender-belt and the top of my knickers until his strong fingers rest along my crease. Now the movement of his fingers will coincide with the slapping of his other hand. Faster the smacking — more agitated will his fingers move. Harder the slapping — more intense will his fingering become until he knows I am 'juicing' and ready for a far more intimate activity than bottom smacking! I look back over my shoulder at him. The glance we exchange tells it all. I spread my knees wider apart so that my rubber knicks are stretched as tautly as possible while his fingering and slapping continue until we are both breathing heavily more from excitement than exhaustion. I have known instances in the past when my partner has actually climaxed at this stage. Thank goodness he now manages greater control and whilst he may be fully aroused he never goes over the brink which of course would spoil the immediate future mutual pleasures. I like to be 'made' to climax at this point however. Being one of those fortunate girls who can cumm several times in a fairly short space of time I never have to worry about my early orgasm spoiling our games and so after making it perfectly clear by the antics of my raised bottom and the twisting and turning of my whole body what I need, those fingers down inside my rubber knickers really get to work until I am gasping and OOOING and AAHHHING and finally leave proof of my peak on the fingers of my well trained partner.

A short break is on the programme at this stage. If we have any champagne on ice this is the moment we enjoy it. When we are refreshed and ready to resume our games I am usually told it is time I am on my back. No, not for lovemaking, not yet, but to be spanked in a very different position to the bent-over-all-fours pose. I would not like to be forced to say in which position I enjoy being spanked the most. The way I described earlier is the one most couples use I suppose but on reflection, for my money I think I would bank on the 'on-my-back-with-legs-up' position for the most enjoyment not only from the spanking angle, but from the ultimate fetched-on orgasm.

You can imagine the picture, I lay on my back on our very comfortable thick pile carpet whilst my partner, kneeling beside me lifts my legs well up and pushes them back so that my tightly rubber encased buttocks are brought into line for the attack of his upraised palm. He keeps his other hand on the back of my legs, caressing them up and down lovingly, and at the same time making it easier for me to keep them raised for there would be a certain amount of strain to be kept like this for long without support from his hand.

Tingling cheeks

He keeps me waiting for the first slaps to descend. It is this anticipation which adds to the fun. I know he will not hurt me but when he starts to smack me in this vulnerable position I know he will get my cheeks tingling and bring the centre of my sensual awareness down there right in between my thighs. Not for many minutes will he transfer the target for his slaps from my buttocks to the rubber covered vulva area, but when he does . . . WOW. Boy OH Boy. He is so gentle, for it would be easy to hurt me in this area, and it is just his finger tips that tap . . . tap . . . tap . . . tap . . . away at my squirming

cuntal region and I am silently begging him to allow me to open my legs wide and let him caress and tap the inner tops of my thighs as well as my intimate parts and so bring me slowly towards another peak. But he is a teaser, and I love him for it. He has restraint and he makes me be patient and wait quite a while longer before my legs can be opened. I suppose being masturbated by means of this sort of very mild spanking lends itself to a girl being on her back rather than on all-fours, and this is why I prefer it. I always have a more intense orgasm when I am on my back, not only an orgasm from games like spanking but also in our love-making, and although very frequently during a loving session I am in the superior position atop the bucking male loins I always have my best cumm when we resume the old faithful on-my-back position. However, back to the spanking.

To be chastized around the tops of my inner thighs and across my pubic area always sets up a very warm glow within me, making

me feel the need for sex very strongly. My partner gets excited and aroused when he sees the effect his slapping has on me and I know the eventual love-making is going to be all that I want it to be . . . and then some. In no way can this game be classified as sadistic. I would not want to be hurt and I am certain my partner would get no satisfaction from actually causing me pain. Sensual warmth . . . yes, full arousal from his spanking and teasing . . . yes, but pain, oh dear no. I love being spanked playfully at any time, but to have on my favourite rubberwear at the same time inflames me towards peaks of gratification that are hard to explain. If you are reading of my experiences the chances are you also are 'in to rubber', and so will understand. It is not only the *feeling* of the rubber but the *odour.* My knickers become warm and moist from my excitement and the smell of sexual arousal in a female *and* the sensual smell of very warm rubber combine to pervade our nostrils and to add to our excitation. I love to watch as my partner's nostrils dilate. If he is not naked by this time I reach over to ease down his briefs and handle his upstanding tool. Showing terrific will power he will often at this stage, pull on a pair of his own penile sheath briefs so that the shaft I am so lovingly playing with is also encased in rubber. His smacking continues. A little faster, a little harder, a little more intimately. Momentarily I wish I was naked for him down there in between my thighs, but then I realise the rubber protection between his fingers and my flesh heighten the sensation for us both. At last, at long last, he intimates I am to open my legs wide. He still has to assist me by holding my legs up even when they are far apart, but now I know the end of the game is in sight. I am both sorry and at the same time deliriously happy for soon we will be coupled as one. Soon he will be a part of me. He will have hotted me up, brought me to the brink of yet another climax, but this time it will not be his smacking that will take me over the bridge. It will be that fantastic shaft that has seemingly been growing and growing since it was enshrouded with the rubber penile sheath that will be my instrument to take me to Paradise. Then I see his grin. He is going to tease and torment me instead of giving me the satisfaction I crave. He is going to continue spanking me until . . . I lose all desire to do anything except cumm. I must climax . . . I must. With legs high in the air, held wide apart, my bottom rises and falls in tempo with his short sharp slappings until I am there. Ecstacy. I have been masturbated by his spanking of me in my rubbergear and I am happy and contented, at least for a while. Then maybe we will make love together. If we do I know it will be great and if I experience as interse a feeling when we fuck as when he has spanked me to a climax I know I will be a very lucky and well satisfied young woman.

The rubberwear mentioned by Julie Rand and shown in the photos is available through the advertisements detailed in another part of this magazine.

The Best Advice We Give To Lovers Of The Rubber Scene

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RIDING MACKS & BOOTS

If you believe girls in riding macks/capes and jodhpurs are synonymous with the rubber scene you will be interested in our very special sets of photos of this theme. Use this coupon, (or make your order on plain paper if you do not want to cut your copy) to become the proud owner of these 'Riding Cult' photographs. Three seperate all diffenent sets are available. Each set contains a selection of 5 glossy prints.

To: Swish Publications, 173, King Charles Road, Tolworth, Surrey.
Please send me, by return, sets of the Riding Mack/Jodhpurs photos I have indicated.

Set A	Set B	Set C
One set for £5	Two sets for £9	Three sets for £13

I enclose my cheque/postal order for £..... to cover my order. Payable to: Swish Publiactions.

Name .....

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My Trigger Rubber Knickers

Dear Rubber Friends,

The girl that I am hopelessly 'turned-on' by, works in the same office as myself. I see her all day. She does not know the reason for my excitement when I look at her—the REAL reason.

Because of a bladder ailment, she is incontinent, and wears rubber panties. She goes to the toilet every forty minutes, and when I think of her slithering down her wet rubber panties, and then drying them with her tissues, or tugging on a clean, dry pair, I get rock-hard in my own rubber panties!

I wear mine for fun—because I'm a fetishist—something no-one knows about, least of all Diana.

Unlike me, Diana can joke about HER rubber knickers—saying she's a bit warm, it must be her rubber knickers! Every time she says the words, I go hot all over and start trembling with excitement. The fact that all the other girls in the office know that Diana has rubber panties on, and they talk about them between themselves—and with the males, and the only thing that happens is a few giggles and snide jokes about being "Kinky"—whereas with me I nearly die with joy when I hear Diana being discussed.

Forced to wear rubber

There are a number of girls I would like to see being forced to wear rubber knickers—to made them lie on a rustly rubber sheet all night, spreadeagled to bedposts—and being forced to wet themselves just like Diana!

We have an elderly lady accountant who calls them "Mackintosh Knickers"—a phrase which helps me to erect solidly—rubber and mackintosh material being the "triggers" which send me into a wet day-dream.

It is true that Diana does wear rubber knickers, not just plastic ones which she calls "rubber". She likes the stretchy qualities of rubber, not evident in plastic. They are pink rubber panties with shirred frills!

I wear them myself! on the warm days, I KNOW the torments she MUST be suffering, only I am masochistic enough to enjoy my own discomfort.

Oh Diana! if only you knew that my shaft tries to escape through the waistband of my rubber pants when you are near me and I can smell your perfume! wearing rubber knickers under your tights must be awfully hot for you, I wear mine as normal underwear, just my trousers concealing them, and I have done for years and years. At first I wore them so that I could masturbate in safety—both in bed and during the day. Before I knew it, I was 'hooked', not only on rubber pants, but also rubber aprons, "Indiana" Mackintoshes, rubber cot sheets, and large latex ballons. These were meteorological ballons and on many occasions I've cut holes in one of them and worn it as a "do it yourself" rubber pants. I've also cemented rubber aprons together to make highly aromatic knee length rubber knickers—too rustly for daytime wear, but I've almost wanked myself to death in them in bed! And as I am totally addicted to rubber pants, in wearing them, seeing them, hearing about them from others, even photographs of girls wearing rubber panties turn me inside out, send my pulse racing, my mouth dry, as I go into a series of climaxes. Daytime involuntary emissions and night-time wet dreams decree that I MUST wear rubber pants at all times, if only to protect my clothing and bed linen. Rubber pants have won haven't they! I am lost!

W.S.,
Liverpool.

Various types of rubber knickers as well as nurses aprons are available from SWISH PUBLISHING COMPANY. You will find the prices, and the address to order them from in another part of this magazine.

NEW! NEW! EXCLUSIVE!!

Collectors' Items

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A 116 page square-back book containing
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Price £6 including p & p in UK.

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Attraction of loose folds

Sir,

So much is written about skin-tight rubber garments (which are certainly delightful) that it may be overlooked how magical is the effect of rubber when it touches the skin in LOOSE folds. Each to his or her own desire. Right from the start I have been a 'loose-folder', probably brought about by three experiences at the sea-side at the end of the First War.

First, a close companionship with a cousin of my own age who enjoyed wearing her very supple and slippery surfaced-proofed mackintosh of green rubber, which I loved to touch, and regarded as far lovelier than my own cotton gaberdine coat. Then there was the rather large-sized 'paddlers' (with bib) lined with soft white rubber, which I had to wear, not over my beach clothes, but instead of them—that is, my body was carressed by this strange material as I played in the sand or climbed the rocks. And, lastly, this was the time of the wonderful red-rubber bathing helmets, when women kept all their hair and had to hide it in roomy caps—rather like chefs' helmets; the point is that these were not tight-fitting, moulded 'hats' (as today), but pleated confections which felt delicious to the touch of my curious fingers. Even a woman buckling the belt of her mackintosh tight emphasised this loose-fold, eye-catching delight, for it made the rubber wrinkles above the waist go in and out seductively; while below the belt there was, as it were, a supple ever-moving skirt of rubber, reflecting the light and giving out a quiet rustle.

Adored mackintoshes

Some years later I met a teacher, who told me how she was converted in the space of a few seconds from being a reluctant wearer of mackintoshes to someone who adored them. Early one morning, when she had just begun to dress, the phone rang downstairs. She put her hand in her wardrobe and seized the first coat that came to hand. It was her blue rubber-lined mac of Jap silk—very light but (to her at that time) very sinister. She slipped it on and ran down to the phone. Before she ever reached it she became aware of her thighs and breasts being touched by the folds of the mackintosh. A tingling sensation went right through her; she became frightened, for no reason that she could think of. She hardly knew (she told me) what the phone call was about or how she answered it. But when it was over and she could consider herself, she found it hard to pull herself upstairs again to her room. Clutching the folds of her mackintosh to her breasts, and still conscious of the astonishing sensation of their contact with the smooth rubber, she lay down on her bed—more to seek time to collect herself and to calm the violent shaking that had overcome her than for anything else. Lying on her back she found it impossible not to refrain from running her hands lightly over her mackintoshed thighs, to try to discover what had happened to her so suddenly and to revel in this new, exquisite sensation. A few moments later she allowed her hands to explore the rest of her body—naked except for this light silk mackintosh. She became, not tranquil, but more excited as the rubber exhilarated her. Then (for the very first time, she assured me) she slid her fingers of her right hand between her legs and brought herself to a shattering climax.

From that moment she worshipped her rubber mackintosh, and those that came after. No longer was she afraid of that strange material with its special touch and smell, but regarded it as a friend that could be with her whenever she liked, and in whom (in periodic depths of loneliness) she sought, and found, an erotic sense of comfort and peace.

Nor did it stop there. She was no longer afraid. She turned to other garments that can properly and usefully be made of rubber. She threw away the net that used to keep her hair gathered in the bath; and bought a rubber mop cap. An amply cut mackintosh apron protected her clothes while washing up the

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dishes. She thought her greatest discovery was a pair of loose-cut French knickers of medium thich rubber; these, she said, stood out from the skin and gently stroked her thighs as she walked. (I followed her advice, and found that while thin rubber clings to the skin, something rather thicher is much more exciting.) As she told me in concluding this 'confession', I put away all my fears of mackintoshes and rubber material and began to be sensible—and, (she added) to enjoy the thrills of the feel of these wonderful garments.

My meeting with this teacher was quite by chance, as was the conversation that got us both on to the wave-length of mackintoshes. In the course of our long friendship, we both expressed a preference for the loose-fold garments, as being more exciting and seductive. How I regret the earlier years when I had no one to talk these matters over with; but things came right later on.

R.D., Wiltshire.

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